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# *The art of waiting for one....*

## Introduction

The art of waiting for one

1. Nonfiction(autobiography)
2. : I chose to write my autobiography because it tells the story of my life, including my mistakes, the people I loved, and the challenges I have faced. Through this book, I want to express my feelings, share the lessons I have learned, and show how difficult experiences have helped me grow. I hope my story reminds others that everyone makes mistakes, but we can learn from them and become better people.losing someone I truly loved taught me the importance of understanding, patience, and valuing people while they are still with us. It is a story about love, regret, family struggles, and personal growth.

Growing up...

I was eight and nine years old, I often felt like I was being scolded no matter what I did. At that age, I didn't always understand why, and it made me feel unheard and lonely. Like many children, I faced challenges that seemed much bigger than I was.

As I grew older and entered my teenage years, life brought new experiences. I met someone who cared about me deeply, and for the first time, I felt truly understood. But relationships are never perfect. My own stubbornness and frequent arguments slowly created distance between us, and eventually, we went our separate ways.

Losing someone I cared about was painful, but it also taught me an important lesson: love alone is not enough. Trust, patience, understanding, and communication matter just as much. Looking back, I don't see those moments only as heartbreak—I see them as experiences that helped me grow

## The Characters

Me (main character):-

I am a 14-year-old girl who has learned that life is full of happiness, pain, mistakes, and growth. Since childhood, I have faced many challenges that have made me stronger and more understanding.

My Parents:

When I was eight or nine years old, my parents often scolded me. At that time, I felt hurt and misunderstood. Although those moments were difficult, they became part of my journey and helped shape who I am today.

The Boy Who Changed My Life:

During my teenage years, I met someone who truly cared about me. He made me feel valued and loved. However, because of my unnecessary arguments and misunderstandings, our relationship ended. Losing him was one of the hardest experiences of my life. Even today, a part of me still hopes that one day we will meet again. I don't know what the future holds, but I will always be grateful for the lessons he taught me about love, communication, and maturity.

Chapter: The Silent Battles of My Childhood

When I was seven or eight years old, my world was very small. My life revolved around school, home, and the little games I played with the two close friends who lived near my house. At that age, I believed that childhood was meant to be simple—to laugh, play, eat, sleep, and wake up each morning without worrying about the problems of the world. Unfortunately, my childhood was not as carefree as I had imagined.

School was never a place where I truly felt comfortable. Many children would tease me, make fun of me, and intentionally hurt my feelings. Every single day, I walked into my classroom hoping things would be different, but the same cycle continued. Their words and actions left invisible scars that I was too young to understand. Even though I felt hurt and lonely, I never had the courage to tell anyone at home. I quietly carried those emotions within myself, believing that perhaps no one would understand.

Ironically, the moment I returned home, I would push all those painful memories aside. I would run outside to meet my two best friends, and together we would spend hours laughing, playing games, and creating our own little world. Those precious moments became my escape from reality. For a few hours every evening, I forgot the sadness that waited for me in school. Looking back now, I realize how resilient children can be. Even after facing cruelty during the day, I still found reasons to smile before the sun went down.

At home, life was not always easy either. My parents often scolded me over the smallest mistakes. At that time, I did not understand that parents sometimes carry their own worries and responsibilities. To my young mind, I simply felt as though I was never good enough. Around that period, my younger sister was only one or two years old. Naturally, she required much more attention and care, and most of the family's focus was directed towards her. I never blamed her because every baby deserves love and affection, yet there were moments when I quietly wished someone would notice my feelings too. Like many children, I longed to feel heard and understood.

As the years passed, I gradually learned to remain silent. I became accustomed to hiding my emotions instead of expressing them. I convinced myself that enduring pain without complaining was simply a part of growing up. Although I was only around nine years old, I had already begun carrying emotional burdens that no child should have to bear.

However, the most painful chapter of my childhood was yet to come.

Every afternoon after school, my friends and I would gather outside to play. There were several boys in our neighborhood who were five to seven years older than us. They would often join our games and insist on playing hide-and-seek. At first, I believed they simply wanted to include us because we were younger children. I trusted them without hesitation because, at that age, I had no understanding of the dangers that sometimes hide behind familiar faces.

Whenever we played, they would ask me to hide with them. I followed them innocently, believing it was all part of the game. Gradually, I began to notice that some of their actions made me feel confused and deeply uncomfortable. They crossed boundaries that I was far too young to comprehend. I did not have the vocabulary or the knowledge to understand that what was happening was wrong. I only knew that something inside me felt frightened, but I remained silent because I did not know what to do.

This continued for quite some time. I watched it happen repeatedly, feeling trapped between confusion and fear. I often questioned myself, wondering whether I was somehow responsible, even though I was only an innocent child. Looking back today, I understand that no child is ever responsible for the inappropriate actions of older children or adults. The responsibility always belongs to the person who chooses to cross those boundaries.

One day, something changed within me. I finally gathered the courage to refuse. I stepped away from them and walked home. It may have seemed like a small decision, but for me, it was one of the bravest moments of my childhood. As I grew older, I often found myself wondering what might have happened if I had said "no" the very first time. Those thoughts stayed with me for years. Eventually, however, I realized that blaming my younger self was unfair. A nine-year-old child cannot be expected to understand situations that even many adults struggle to explain. I was simply an innocent child who deserved protection, kindness, and guidance.

Chapter: Finding My Own Light

After everything that had happened during my childhood, I slowly started healing. It wasn't easy, and it certainly didn't happen overnight. Healing takes time, especially when the wounds are hidden inside your heart instead of your body.

I decided to stay away from the people who had hurt me. I didn't completely stop trusting people, but I became much more careful. I had learned, at a very young age, that not everyone who smiles at you has good intentions.

Unfortunately, school never became easier.

Every morning, I walked into my classroom hoping that maybe today would be different. I wished someone would smile at me or ask me to join them. But almost every day, I felt like I didn't belong.

Most of the girls in my class simply refused to talk to me. They ignored me during group activities, left me out of conversations, and behaved as if I didn't even exist.At first, I thought maybe I had done something wrong. I kept asking myself,

"Did I hurt someone without realizing it?"

"Why doesn't anyone want to be my friend?"

No matter how much I thought about it, I never found an answer.The more I tried to fit in, the more isolated I became.

Sometimes they even made up stories about me.

Those stories weren't true, but somehow everyone believed them.

Instead of asking me what had actually happened, people accepted the rumors as if they were facts.

One day, those lies reached my teachers.Without listening to my side of the story, they punished me.They told me to sit alone in class.

They even instructed the other students not to sit beside me.

I still remember walking toward that empty desk.

[1]It felt as though every pair of eyes in the classroom was watching me.

I sat there quietly, trying my best not to cry.

Inside, however, I was completely shattered.

I have always been an emotional and sensitive person.

Even the smallest things affect me deeply.

So, being separated from everyone else wasn't just a punishment.

It made me feel unwanted.

It made me feel invisible.

More than anything, it made me wonder why I was being punished for something I had never done.

I wanted someone to ask me what really happened.

I wanted someone to believe me.

But nobody did.

Instead of speaking up, I remained silent.

Sometimes silence feels easier than explaining yourself to people who have already made up their minds.

As time passed, I started observing everything around me.

I noticed that the girls who constantly blamed me were not as innocent as everyone believed.

They often argued with others.

They spread rumors.

They created unnecessary drama.

Slowly, I realized something important.

Not everyone who dislikes you has a reason.

Sometimes people simply choose someone to blame.

That realization changed me.

Instead of chasing friendships that were never real, I decided to let them go.

I promised myself that I would stop forcing people to accept me.

If someone didn't appreciate me, I would simply walk away.

That decision brought me peace.

Around the same time, life surprised me with something beautiful.

I became friends with a boy from my class.

Our friendship was simple.

There were no conditions, no fake behavior, and no unnecessary drama.

He treated me kindly.

He respected me.

Most importantly, he never believed the rumors that others spread about me.

For the first time in a long while, I felt like someone genuinely understood me.

We spent our breaks talking, laughing, helping each other with homework, and enjoying the small moments that made school feel less lonely.

His friendship became my comfort.

Whenever I felt ignored by everyone else, I knew at least one person would always stand beside me.

That meant everything to me.

But every good story has its challenges.

My friend already had another close friend.

At first, everything seemed perfectly normal.

However, after some time, I noticed that his friend wasn't happy about our friendship.

Maybe he felt jealous.

Maybe he thought I was taking his best friend away.

Whatever the reason was, he began trying to create misunderstandings between us.

Sometimes he would twist our conversations.

Sometimes he would spread confusion.

Other times, he would simply try to make us argue over things that never even happened.

His goal was obvious.

He wanted our friendship to end.

Thankfully, it didn't.

The trust between us was stronger than the lies around us.

That experience taught me something I will never forget.

Real friendships are built on trust.

If two people truly care about each other, gossip cannot destroy what they have.

Then one day, another unexpected chapter began.

I found out that my friend was changing schools.

Hearing that news broke my heart.

I didn't know how to react.

The one person who had made school feel safe was suddenly leaving.

After he left, the classroom felt empty again.

The loneliness returned.

The girls still ignored me.

Nothing around me had changed.

But something inside me had.

This time, instead of feeling sorry for myself, I decided to become stronger.

I stopped waiting for people to choose me.

Instead, I chose myself.

I focused on becoming more confident.

I worked hard in my studies.

I improved my communication skills.

I learned to enjoy my own company.

Slowly, without even realizing it, I started creating my own aura.

People began noticing the change.

I carried myself differently.

I smiled more.

I became more confident.

I no longer cared about proving myself to people who had already judged me.

Ironically, once I stopped chasing people, they started coming toward me.

The same classmates who once ignored me suddenly wanted to become my friends.

The same girls who had once made me cry now wanted to spend time with me.

It felt like life had completely changed.

By the time I reached fifth grade, almost everyone wanted to be around me.

It honestly felt unreal.

But the biggest victory wasn't becoming popular.

The biggest victory was discovering my own worth.

I realized that confidence doesn't come from people's approval.

It comes from believing in yourself even when nobody else does.

Looking back today, I no longer remember only the sadness.

I remember the lessons.

Every rejection taught me resilience.

Every rumor taught me patience.

Every lonely day taught me independence.

Every genuine friendship taught me the value of loyalty.

Those experiences shaped me into the person I am today.

If I could meet my younger self one last time, I would simply hold her hand and say,

"You were never too much. You were never the problem. You were simply waiting to discover your own light."

Chapter: The Shadows That Followed Me

Long before I was old enough to remember my surroundings, my life had already begun amidst silent struggles. When I was only three or four months old, I lived with my paternal grandparents. My mother was a hardworking woman who balanced the demanding responsibilities of her career alongside her duties at home. Unfortunately, her efforts were seldom appreciated.

The birth of a daughter was not welcomed with the joy every newborn deserves. Like many families bound by outdated traditions and societal expectations, my grandmother had hoped that the first child in the family would be a boy. Because I was a girl, I often became an unspoken disappointment before I was even capable of understanding the meaning of rejection.

As an infant, I depended entirely upon the adults around me for love, comfort, and protection. Sadly, I did not always receive the care every child deserves. My grandmother showed very little interest in looking after me while my mother spent long hours away at work.

Every morning, my mother would travel a considerable distance to reach her workplace. After spending an exhausting day fulfilling her professional responsibilities, she would return home only to be reminded that household chores were still waiting for her. Instead of receiving support or appreciation, she was expected to manage every responsibility without complaint.

Eventually, the emotional burden became unbearable.

My mother realized that continuing to live in such an environment would only make life more difficult—not only for herself but also for me.

She made one of the most courageous decisions of her life.

She chose to leave.

Taking me in her arms, she returned to her parents' home, where she believed I would finally receive the affection, care, and security every child deserves.

That house became my home for many years.

There, I lived with my mother, my father, my maternal grandparents, and the rest of my family. Since my mother's workplace was much closer to my grandparents' home, life became slightly easier for her. I remained there until the eighth grade.

To an outsider, it might have appeared to be a peaceful childhood.

But appearances are often deceptive.

Behind the ordinary routines of school, homework, festivals, birthdays, and family gatherings existed a reality that very few people ever noticed.

My childhood carried invisible wounds.

As I grew older, I tried my best to forget the painful experiences I had already endured. The incidents involving older boys had left emotional scars, but with time I slowly convinced myself that perhaps I could move on.

I wanted to believe that chapter of my life was over.

For a while, I almost succeeded.

Then life introduced another painful chapter.

Near our house stood a small neighborhood shop.

Its owner was someone everyone trusted.

He frequently visited our home, sat with my grandparents, shared conversations over tea, and was treated like a respected member of the community. Occasionally, his wife accompanied him as well. Seeing him welcomed into our home naturally made me believe he was a kind and trustworthy person.

When I was younger, he would often hand me chocolates, biscuits, or small snacks without accepting any money. To me, those gestures appeared innocent, just as they would to any child.

As the years passed and I reached the age of ten, I wanted to become more responsible.

One day, I handed him five hundred rupees from my pocket money and requested that whenever I bought something from his shop, he should simply deduct the amount from those savings.

I believed I was behaving like a mature child.

Days passed.

Weeks passed.

I continued collecting small items from the shop whenever my family needed something.

Eventually, I discovered that the money I had deposited had already been exhausted, yet he had never informed me.

When I attempted to pay him, he refused to accept the money.

At the time, I assumed he was simply being generous.

Looking back today, I understand that generosity was never his intention.

Gradually, his behavior began to change.

Whenever I entered the shop alone, he would ask me to stay for a while.

Being an innocent child, I obeyed without questioning his intentions.

Children naturally trust adults, especially those whom their families respect.

Unfortunately, some people misuse that trust.

He crossed boundaries that no adult should ever cross with a child.

At that age, I could not fully understand what was happening.

I only knew that something felt profoundly wrong.

A strange fear settled inside me every time I entered that shop.

The place that once felt ordinary gradually became a place I dreaded visiting.

These incidents occurred several times.

Each encounter left me feeling increasingly uncomfortable, confused, and frightened.

I desperately wanted someone to tell me that what I was feeling mattered.

But I remained silent.

Like many children, I believed silence was easier than speaking words I did not even know how to explain.

Eventually, I gathered enough courage to tell my two closest friends.

I thought they would believe me.

I thought they would understand.

Instead, they looked at me with disbelief.

The shopkeeper was highly respected within the neighborhood.

To them, it seemed impossible that someone so trusted could ever behave inappropriately.

Their disbelief hurt almost as much as the experience itself.

For the first time, I realized that telling the truth does not always guarantee that people will believe you.

After that, I decided I would never visit the shop again.

I wanted to avoid him completely.

Unfortunately, life was not that simple.

Whenever my parents or grandparents needed groceries, they would naturally ask me to buy them from the nearby shop.

They had absolutely no reason to suspect anything was wrong.

How could they?

The man had carefully built an image of respectability in front of everyone.

Each time I was sent there, my heart filled with anxiety.

Even when nothing happened, his words alone were enough to leave me feeling deeply uncomfortable.

A simple errand that lasted only a few minutes became one of the most emotionally exhausting parts of my day.

I often returned home pretending everything was normal.

No one noticed the fear hidden behind my silence.

No one recognized how much courage it took for me simply to walk into that shop.

Another burden had quietly settled upon my shoulders.

It became yet another secret I carried alone.

Looking back now, I understand something my younger self could never have known.

The fault was never mine.

Children are taught to trust adults.

Adults are the ones responsible for protecting children—not exploiting their innocence.

For years, I questioned my own silence.

Today, I understand that silence was not weakness.

It was the language of a frightened child who did not know whether anyone would believe her.

Those experiences changed me in ways I cannot fully describe.

They stole pieces of my innocence long before I was ready to let them go.

Yet they never stole my strength.

Although those memories still exist, they no longer define who I am.

Chapter: A New Beginning

After everything I had endured during my childhood, life gradually began to feel lighter. It took me almost one or two years to heal from the painful experiences that had once haunted my thoughts. The memories never disappeared completely, but I slowly learned how to stop letting them control my happiness.

Little by little, I started stepping outside again without fear. I laughed more often, spent time with my friends, and allowed myself to enjoy the simple moments of childhood. For the first time in a long while, I felt as though I could finally breathe without carrying the weight of my past on my shoulders.

Those years marked the beginning of a new chapter in my life.

When I turned eleven, I entered the sixth grade.

Everything around me suddenly felt different.

It was no longer the innocent world where children only talked about cartoons, games, and homework. My classmates had begun entering a completely new phase of life. Conversations had changed dramatically. Every day, someone had a new crush, someone had found a boyfriend or girlfriend, and someone else was heartbroken over a friendship that had turned into something more.

To me, it all felt both amusing and confusing.

Watching my classmates experience these emotions was like watching a completely different world unfold before my eyes.

Many of my classmates would tease one another by revealing secret crushes. Some students exchanged handwritten notes during class, while others blushed whenever a particular person entered the classroom. Every day seemed to bring a new story, a new confession, or a new rumor.

It almost felt like my classroom had transformed into a teenage drama.

Ironically, many people had crushes on me as well.

I never understood why.

Sometimes my friends would come to me, laughing, and whisper,

"Do you know? Someone likes you."

Other times, people would tease me by mentioning someone's name, trying to embarrass me.

Although I smiled on the outside, I never took those things too seriously.

Of course, I was just like every other eleven-year-old.

There were moments when I admired certain people too.

Sometimes I found someone kind.

Sometimes I thought someone was funny.

Occasionally, I even developed small, innocent crushes that disappeared almost as quickly as they appeared.

But none of those feelings were serious.

At that stage of my life, I was still trying to understand myself before trying to understand anyone else.

Fortunately, one thing had improved significantly.

Unlike my previous years at school, I finally shared a wonderful bond with my classmates.

I had made several new friends.

The classroom no longer felt lonely.

I laughed during lunch breaks, participated in group activities, and slowly became part of conversations that once seemed impossible to join.

For the first time in years, I genuinely felt accepted.

That feeling meant more to me than anyone could possibly imagine.

However, there was another noticeable difference between me and many of my classmates.

While most of them had already created Instagram accounts, Snapchat streaks, and online friend circles, I had none of those things.

Social media had become an important part of their daily lives.

They discussed followers, stories, reels, messages, filters, and trending challenges as though they were the most important things in the world.

Meanwhile...

My life was surprisingly simple.

Every morning, I went to school.

After school, I returned home.

Then I attended tuition classes.

After finishing my homework, I spent a little time playing outside or relaxing with my family.

Finally, I went to sleep, ready to repeat the same routine the next day.

Looking back now, that life seems beautifully uncomplicated.

At the time, I sometimes wondered whether I was missing out.

But today, I realize that simplicity was one of the greatest gifts I had.

While many people around me were becoming consumed by social media and unnecessary drama, I was quietly building memories that didn't require a phone screen.

I wasn't worried about likes.

I wasn't counting followers.

I wasn't trying to impress strangers on the internet.

Instead, I was living in the real world.

I valued face-to-face conversations, genuine laughter, and evenings spent playing outside instead of scrolling endlessly through a screen.

Even though many students around me were entering relationships, I never had a boyfriend during that time.

People often assumed I liked someone because of the constant teasing.

But the truth was much simpler.

I was still an innocent girl.

My priorities were completely different.

I focused on my studies, my family, my friends, and enjoying the little moments of childhood.

If any of my friends ever needed advice about their crushes or friendships, I happily listened and tried my best to help them.

Ironically, I often became the unofficial problem-solver for other people's love stories despite having no love story of my own.

I celebrated their happiness, comforted them during their heartbreaks, and encouraged them whenever they needed support.

Looking back, I find that both funny and heartwarming.

I understood emotions even before I experienced them myself.

At that age, my heart was still incredibly pure.

I had no interest in rushing through life or pretending to be older than I really was.

While others were busy searching for relationships, I was quietly enjoying the final years of my childhood.

Sometimes I think those ordinary days were far more precious than I realized.

Life had finally given me a chance to smile without fear.

For the first time after many painful chapters, I felt as though the darkness was beginning to fade.

I didn't know then that life still had many unexpected twists waiting for me.

But for that brief period...

I was simply an eleven-year-old girl trying to enjoy her childhood, making friends, laughing during recess, helping others whenever I could, and believing that perhaps the hardest days of my life were finally behind me.

Little did I know...

My story was only just beginning.

Chapter: Rumours, Misunderstandings, and Growing Up

By the time I entered the seventh grade, I had changed in ways I never expected. Looking back now, I realize that I had become a completely different person from the quiet and innocent girl I once was.

One of the biggest reasons behind this transformation was the company I kept.

I had made several new friends—both boys and girls—and I spent almost all my time with them. Like many teenagers, they often used slang, dark humour, sarcastic jokes, and double-meaning conversations. At first, I simply listened, but gradually their way of speaking became my way of speaking too.

Without even realizing it, I had started using abusive words during casual conversations. I laughed at jokes that I would never have understood a year earlier, and I became comfortable with language that once would have made me uncomfortable.

Looking back, I don't think I became a bad person.

I simply became someone who was heavily influenced by the people around her.

That phase taught me an important lesson.

The people you spend your time with slowly shape your personality, your habits, and even the way you think.

Although my behaviour had changed, one thing remained exactly the same.

Everyone around me seemed to have a boyfriend, a girlfriend, or at least a crush.

And I...

I was still completely single.

Honestly, I never worried much about it.

While my friends constantly discussed relationships and crushes, I simply enjoyed listening to their stories. Sometimes I even helped them solve their little arguments or gave them advice, despite having no personal experience myself.

Then one ordinary school day changed everything.

It happened during recess.

The corridors were crowded, and students were trying to move from one place to another.

A boy happened to be standing in front of me.

Very casually, I said,

"Could you please move a little forward?"

That was it.

Just one ordinary sentence.

Nothing more.

Nothing less.

There were no hidden feelings.

No secret crush.

No special intentions.

It was simply a polite request.

Unfortunately, my friends interpreted that tiny interaction in a completely different way.

Within minutes, they had convinced themselves that I liked him.

At first, I laughed.

I thought they were joking.

But the joke never stopped.

Every single day they found a new excuse to tease me.

Whenever that boy walked past us, they would loudly say my name.

Sometimes they intentionally pushed me toward him.

Other times they laughed whenever we accidentally looked in each other's direction.

They created imaginary stories that never existed.

At first, only a few girls knew about their little joke.

I ignored it because I believed it would disappear after a few days.

Instead...

It only became bigger.

Much bigger.

One afternoon, a boy from another group walked over to me with a strange smile on his face.

He didn't say anything directly.

Instead, he began dropping hints that made it obvious he knew about the rumours.

That was the moment I realized something.

The joke had escaped my friend circle.

People outside our group had started believing it too.

Within a few days, the rumour had spread across the class.

Eventually...

It reached the boy himself.

One day, he indirectly made it clear that he wasn't interested in me.

In simple words...

He rejected me.

Ironically, I wasn't heartbroken.

I wasn't crying.

I wasn't devastated.

Because the truth was something nobody wanted to believe.

I had never liked him in the first place.

There had never been any confession.

There had never been any feelings.

The entire story had been created by other people.

Still, I felt the need to explain myself.

I tried telling him that none of it was true.

I explained that my friends had misunderstood a completely normal conversation and had exaggerated it until everyone believed it.

I wanted him to know that I wasn't trying to confess my feelings.

There were no feelings to confess.

Unfortunately, he had already made up his mind.

He wasn't interested in listening.

Perhaps he believed the rumours more than my words.

Or perhaps he simply wanted to avoid any unnecessary drama.

Whatever his reason was, he refused to hear my side of the story.

For a brief moment, I wondered whether I should keep trying to explain.

Then I stopped.

Sometimes, no matter how much you explain yourself, people choose to believe the version of the story they have already created in their minds.

And that is something you cannot change.

So I decided to let it go.

If he wanted to believe that I liked him, then so be it.

I had no reason to prove myself to someone who wasn't willing to listen.

Surprisingly, I moved on almost immediately.

There was no heartbreak because there had never been love.

There was no rejection of my feelings because those feelings had never existed.

The only thing that disappointed me was how quickly rumours could spread and how easily people accepted them without asking for the truth.

That incident became another important lesson in my life.

I learned that people often create stories based on assumptions rather than facts.

Sometimes, a single innocent moment can be exaggerated until it becomes something completely different.

I also realized that silence is sometimes stronger than endless explanations.

Not everyone deserves an explanation.

Not everyone is willing to understand your truth.

As I continued growing older, I became more careful about the people I trusted and the words I spoke.

Every experience—whether joyful, embarrassing, or painful—was quietly shaping the person I was becoming.

Looking back today, I smile at that memory.

What once seemed like a huge incident now feels like a small misunderstanding that taught me one of life's simplest truths:

Rumours are often louder than reality, but the truth never changes simply because people choose not to believe it.

Chapter: Looking for Love in the Wrong Places

By the time I entered the eighth grade, I believed I had finally become a normal teenager. My classmates constantly talked about relationships, crushes, and dating. Everywhere I looked, someone seemed to have a boyfriend or a girlfriend. Watching all of this around me made me wonder if I was missing something.

Slowly, I started thinking that I should have someone in my life too.

Instead of asking myself whether I was emotionally ready for a relationship, I only compared myself to others. I believed that having a boyfriend would somehow make me happier or help me fit in. Looking back now, I realize that I wasn't searching for love—I was searching for acceptance.

Around that time, I was greatly influenced by my friends. Many of them were already active on social media, and relationships had become one of the biggest topics in our conversations. Without realizing it, I began believing that being single meant I was falling behind.

That mindset led me to make one of the biggest mistakes of my childhood.

My parents had always been strict about social media. They didn't want me to create an Instagram account because they believed I was too young. At that age, I couldn't understand their concerns. Instead of trusting their judgment, I secretly created an Instagram account using an old phone that was lying unused in our house.

At first, it felt exciting.

I finally had something that almost everyone around me already had.

It felt like a small act of independence.

Unfortunately, secrets rarely stay hidden forever.

One day, my Instagram account appeared in my mother's account suggestions. She immediately became suspicious.

Both my parents asked me whether the account belonged to me.

Without thinking, I denied everything.

I looked them in the eyes and insisted that it wasn't my account.

Although they didn't argue much, I could tell they already knew the truth.

A few days later, my parents gently asked me another question.

They said they felt I might be talking to strangers online.

The truth was...

They were right.

At that time, I had started talking to people I barely knew.

One conversation, in particular, changed everything.

There was a boy who lived across from my grandparents' house. Our families knew each other, and because of that familiarity, I never thought speaking to him online could become dangerous.

By then, I had pushed many painful childhood memories out of my mind. I wanted to believe that the past was behind me.

When he sent me a friend request, I accepted it without giving it much thought.

For the first few days, our conversations were completely normal.

We talked casually about everyday things.

Then, one day, he asked me if I wanted to be his girlfriend.

I immediately refused.

He was four or five years older than me, and I knew it didn't feel right.

Instead of respecting my answer, he tried to convince me to accept a different kind of relationship.

Once again, I refused.

For a while, I believed the conversation was over.

But I was wrong.

As days passed, I kept comparing myself to my classmates.

Almost everyone around me was in a relationship.

I convinced myself that maybe I should give it a chance.

Eventually, against my better judgment, I agreed to be in a relationship with him.

Looking back today, I can confidently say that it was one of the worst decisions I made during that period of my life.

Soon after we started talking, his behaviour changed completely.

He began pressuring me to meet him in person.

Whenever I refused, he became manipulative and tried to make me feel guilty.

The conversations no longer made me feel comfortable.

Instead of feeling respected, I felt frightened and emotionally trapped.

Every message increased my anxiety.

Eventually, I realized that this was not what a healthy relationship looked like.

One day, after gathering all the courage I had, I blocked him.

It wasn't easy.

At that age, saying "no" felt terrifying.

But it was the right decision.

Later, I also learned that he was already involved with another girl.

That realization only confirmed that leaving the relationship had been the best choice.

I thought that chapter of my life had finally ended.

However, another unexpected situation soon followed.

A new Instagram account sent me a friend request.

The profile claimed to belong to one of his relatives.

Since I had changed my username, the person behind the account didn't initially realize who I was.

For some time, we spoke like complete strangers.

Eventually, I revealed my identity.

To my surprise, the other person admitted that he wasn't actually the relative shown in the profile picture.

That was when I realized someone had been using a fake account.

Curious, I searched for the real account of the relative whose identity had been used.

When I contacted him, he confirmed that the fake account did not belong to him.

That experience taught me another valuable lesson.

Online, people are not always who they claim to be.

Despite everything, I continued talking to the person behind the fake account.

Our conversations became regular.

Gradually, we entered a relationship.

At the time, I knew very little about him.

I trusted words more than facts.

Meanwhile, my parents became increasingly concerned about my online activity.

Eventually, they discovered that I had been talking to several people on Instagram.

I was scolded, and my phone was taken away.

Although my father never read my personal conversations, losing my phone felt like losing my connection to that relationship.

Fortunately, I still had his phone number.

We continued talking through calls almost every day.

Then one day, while talking to him, I asked a simple question.

"How old are you?"

He avoided answering.

His hesitation immediately made me suspicious.

After some time, I eventually discovered the truth.

He was twenty-two or twenty-three years old.

I was only thirteen.

I felt shocked.

I couldn't understand why he had hidden something so important from me.

Looking back now, I realize he probably knew that if I had known his real age from the beginning, I would never have continued the relationship.

The truth changed everything.

Arguments became frequent.

The trust disappeared.

One evening, while talking to him on the phone, I accidentally fell asleep.

My father noticed that I was still on the call.

That night became another difficult moment in my life.

My parents confronted me, and I finally understood how worried they had been all along.

The following day, I explained everything to him.

Soon afterward, our relationship ended.

At the time, it hurt my pride.

Today, I see it differently.

That breakup protected me from a situation that was never healthy to begin with.

A few months later, I was allowed to use a phone again.

Unfortunately, I had not yet learned all the lessons I needed.

Instead of taking time to understand myself, I kept rushing into relationships.

If one relationship ended, another one seemed to begin almost immediately.

By the end of eighth grade, I had been in several short-lived relationships.

None of them lasted.

None of them brought me real happiness.

I was searching for love without first learning how to value myself.

Looking back today, I don't judge that younger version of myself.

She wasn't looking for attention because she was careless.

She was looking for acceptance because she had spent so many years feeling unseen.

It took me a long time to understand that love cannot heal loneliness, and that no relationship can replace self-respect.

My second-to-last relationship happened when I was in the eighth grade, and I can confidently reveal his name because this chapter of my life is long over. His name was Sukhmandeep. Looking back now, I realize that this relationship was very different from the others. It wasn't perfect, it wasn't stable, and honestly, it taught me a lot about people, expectations, and myself.

Everything started in a very unexpected way.

One day, I received a friend request from a boy on social media. I didn't know him personally, but when I checked our mutual friends, I noticed that one of them was Sukhmandeep. The only thing I knew about Sukhmandeep at that time was that he studied in the same school as me. Since I didn't know either of them well, I simply ignored it.

A few days later, the boy who had sent me the request started messaging me. He kept insisting that we had met somewhere before and that I should try to remember him. Soon, he even started calling me without my permission. I found it really uncomfortable and creepy because I barely knew him. Without thinking twice, I blocked him.

I thought that would be the end of it.

But around four or five days later, I received a message from Sukhmandeep himself. We started talking casually. During one of our conversations, he even told me that he didn't actually know who I was. I found that funny because we both studied in the same school.

The next day, we finally saw each other at school. We only talked for two days, and then suddenly, without any warning or explanation, he blocked me.

I was confused for a moment and wondered what had happened. However, the truth is that I wasn't emotionally attached to him at that time. I didn't like him romantically, so his blocking me didn't affect me much. I simply moved on with my life without giving it much thought.

About a month later, I unexpectedly received another message from him.

This time, he explained everything. He told me that he didn't have his own phone. He used his mother's phone whenever he wanted to talk to people. Unfortunately, his mother had read our chats and didn't approve of them, so she forced him to block me. To continue talking to me, he created a completely new account.

I appreciated the effort, although I didn't think much of it at the time.

As our conversations continued, one day he confessed that he liked me and proposed to me.

To be completely honest, during that phase of my life I wasn't mature enough to understand relationships. I wasn't looking for anything serious. I used to treat relationships casually and mostly considered them time pass. Sadly, I did the same with him.

We officially started dating.

Our relationship was anything but normal. Since he didn't have his own phone and his mother often found out whenever he talked to me, we could only chat for one or two weeks at a time. After that, there would be long periods of silence where we couldn't communicate at all.

Most of our relationship consisted of waiting.

Waiting for him to get access to a phone.

Waiting for him to make another account.

Waiting for another chance to talk.

This pattern continued throughout most of eighth grade until our final examinations.

Then one day, while we were at school, I randomly asked him something that would eventually change everything.

I asked him, "Have you moved on?"

The funny part was that we had never officially broken up. There had been no fight, no proper ending, nothing. Even today, I don't know why I asked him that question.

I expected him to immediately say, "No."

Instead, he replied, "Let me think about it."

His answer shocked me.

I gave him two whole days because I thought maybe he just needed some time. After waiting patiently, I asked him again.

Once again, his answer was exactly the same.

"Let me think about it."

At that moment, something inside me changed.

I felt that if someone had to think about whether they still wanted me, then maybe I wasn't important to them after all.

Soon after that, I entered another relationship with someone else.

Time passed, and eventually Sukhmandeep and I started talking again. Somehow, despite everything that had happened, we patched things up and got back together.

Life seemed to return to its old routine.

Around that same time, my family shared some big news with me.

We were going to move from our hometown to Mohali.

It was a huge change because it meant leaving behind my school, my classmates, my friends, and everything that had become familiar over the years.

Of course, I told Sukhmandeep about our upcoming move.

Even after hearing the news, our relationship remained exactly the same as before. We would talk for a week, disappear for another week, then somehow reconnect again. Nothing had really changed.

Finally, the day arrived when my family shifted to Mohali.

After settling into our new home, I decided to call him because I missed talking to him.

Instead of speaking to me himself, he handed the phone to his older brother.

His brother started talking to me in a serious tone.

He said, "This isn't the right age for all this. You both should focus on your studies."

I was completely confused.

I couldn't understand why his brother was giving me advice when Sukhmandeep himself had proposed to me in the first place. He had willingly chosen this relationship, yet now someone else was explaining why it shouldn't exist.

It didn't make any sense to me.

That conversation became the final turning point.

For the first time, I realized that this relationship had never really been stable. We hardly talked, we constantly faced interruptions, and now even his family had become involved.

I quietly made a decision.

Enough was enough.

I promised myself that from then on, I would stop wasting my energy on confusing relationships and start focusing on my education and my future.

I wanted a fresh beginning.

Thankfully, moving to Mohali gave me exactly that opportunity.

Everything around me was new—the city, the house, the neighborhood, and most importantly, my new school.

On my very first days there, I was nervous because I didn't know anyone. I had left behind all the people I had grown up with, and starting over felt difficult.

But life has its own surprises.

As I slowly adjusted to my new school, I noticed a boy who immediately caught my attention.

For the first time after leaving my old life behind, I found myself liking someone again.

Little did I know that this new chapter would become another unforgettable story in my life...

Chapter - A New School, New Friends, and the Beginning of My Last Love Story

After moving to Mohali, everything in my life changed. I had left behind my old school, my friends, and the memories that were attached to them. Although I had decided to focus only on my studies after my previous relationship, I had no idea that life was about to surprise me once again.

It was finally the first day of my new school.

That morning, I was incredibly nervous. My parents came with me because I was joining a completely new school where I didn't know a single person. As we walked through the school gate, I felt a mixture of excitement and fear. Everything looked unfamiliar—the classrooms, the teachers, the students, even the atmosphere. I kept wondering whether I would be able to make friends or if I would end up sitting alone every day.

Thankfully, my mother noticed a group of girls standing nearby. She started talking to them and politely asked if they could help me settle into the school since I was new.

To my surprise, those girls welcomed me warmly.

That simple conversation became the beginning of some beautiful friendships.

Coincidentally, the school was conducting monthly tests during my first week. Since I had joined in the middle of the session and hadn't studied any of the syllabus yet, I politely refused to take the tests. There was simply no point in writing exams for chapters I had never even seen before. Fortunately, the teachers understood my situation.

Over the next few days, I became closer to the girls my mother had introduced me to. Slowly, the five of us formed our own little group.

We spent every day together.

Soon, everyone in school started recognizing us as the "Punjabi Gang."

That nickname suited us perfectly.

Our group was full of energy, laughter, and endless fun. Hardly a single day passed without someone cracking a joke or doing something silly. We laughed during lunch breaks, teased each other in class, shared snacks, clicked pictures whenever we got the chance, and somehow always managed to create unforgettable memories.

Looking back, those days were some of the happiest moments of my school life.

We weren't just classmates—we were like sisters.

Teachers often noticed us because wherever one of us went, the other four followed. If one person laughed, within seconds all five of us would be laughing uncontrollably.

School slowly stopped feeling new.

It started feeling like home.

Everything was going perfectly until one day...

I noticed a boy.

At first, it was nothing serious.

I would occasionally see him walking through the corridors or talking to his friends during recess. Gradually, without even realizing it, I started noticing him more often.

Whenever he walked past, my eyes automatically followed him.

Whenever he was nearby, I somehow became aware of his presence.

Unlike my previous relationships, this wasn't something random.

This time, my feelings developed slowly.

I didn't know much about him, but something about him caught my attention. Maybe it was his personality, maybe the way he carried himself, or maybe it was simply one of those feelings that cannot be explained.

Naturally, curiosity took over.

Since I was too shy to approach him directly, I asked one of my friends to collect some information about him.

I wanted to know everything.

Where did he live?

Which class was he in?

What kind of person was he?

Did he have a girlfriend?

Was he friendly?

My friend happily agreed to help.

Within a short time, she had gathered quite a bit of information about him. She told me where he lived, which class he attended, and a few other small details.

Although it wasn't much, it was enough to satisfy my curiosity for the time being.

But I still had one problem.

How was I ever supposed to talk to him?

Walking up to him in school felt impossible. I was too shy, and I didn't even know whether he knew I existed.

Then one day, I noticed something interesting.

The van I traveled in every day also carried his best friend.

An idea immediately came to my mind.

If I couldn't talk to that guy directly, maybe I could become friends with someone close to him first.

It sounded much easier.

After a little bit of harmless social media stalking, I somehow managed to get the Instagram ID of his best friend.

I gathered all my courage and sent him a follow request.

To my surprise, he accepted.

For the first two or three days, we talked very normally.

Nothing unusual.

We chatted as friends about random things—school, studies, daily life, and other casual topics. I didn't mention about the person who I love at all because I didn't want to make it obvious why I had texted him.

Then, on the third day, I finally asked the question that had been on my mind.

I casually asked him about him

I tried to make it sound natural.

I asked what kind of person he was and whether he was in a relationship with anyone.

His reply immediately caught my attention.

He said,

"I don't know... I'll ask him and let you know."

That single sentence made my heart race.

For the first time, it felt like there was actually a chance that I might get to know him

As I waited for his reply, I spent a lot of time thinking.

I thought about all the relationships I had been in before.

Most of them had never been serious.

Back then, I treated relationships like tympass because I was immature and didn't really understand their value.

But now...

Something had changed.

Maybe I had grown up.

Maybe my previous experiences had taught me important lessons.

Or maybe he was simply different.

For the first time, I didn't want a temporary relationship.

I didn't want another confusing chapter that would end after a few weeks.

I wasn't looking for attention anymore.

I wasn't looking for entertainment.

I wasn't looking for someone just to pass the time.

Instead, I made a promise to myself.

A real promise.

I told myself,

"I've done enough tympass in the past. Not anymore. If I truly like someone now, it will only be him. And if things don't work out, I won't bring anyone else into my life again."

That promise came straight from my heart.

It wasn't something I said to impress anyone.

It was a decision I made for myself.

At that moment, I didn't know what the future had planned.

I had no idea whether he even knew my name.

I didn't know whether he liked me back.

I didn't know if this story would have a happy ending or become another lesson.

All I knew was one thing.

For the first time, my feelings were genuine.

And without realizing it...

The most important chapter of my life was just beginning.

Chapter - The Best Days of My Life

Looking back at my school life, I can honestly say that this was the beginning of the happiest chapter I had ever lived.

Everything that had happened before—the confusion, the heartbreaks, the immature relationships, and all the emotional ups and downs—felt like they belonged to another version of me. This time, things were different.

It all started with a simple conversation on Instagram.

By then, I had already developed feelings for him, but I had absolutely no idea how to express them. I wasn't good at hiding my emotions, and I wasn't the type of person who could spend months dropping hints.

I was impatient.

I wanted clarity.

So instead of thinking carefully, I simply asked him the first thing that came to my mind.

"Do you want to be in a relationship?"

Even today, when I think about it, I laugh at how direct I was.

There was no build-up.

No romantic speech.

No long confession.

Just one straightforward question.

His reply surprised me.

He didn't reject me, but he didn't say yes either.

He replied, "I don't think it should happen like this. It's too early."

For a moment, I thought I had ruined everything.

But then he continued.

He said that before entering a relationship, we should first get to know each other properly. We should understand each other's personalities, likes, dislikes, and way of thinking instead of rushing into something serious.

Honestly, his answer impressed me.

Unlike many people our age, he wasn't treating relationships like a game.

He wanted something real.

I smiled and agreed.

He was right.

Getting to know each other first made much more sense.

From that day onward, we started talking every single day.

, we discovered something new about each other.

Sometimes we talked about school.

Sometimes about our families.

Sometimes we laughed over completely random things that probably wouldn't even make sense to anyone else. The second day of having a conversation Then came the night I will never forget.

We were chatting like we usually did.

Nothing felt unusual.

Then suddenly...

He typed three words that completely changed everything.

"I love you."

For a few seconds, I just stared at my phone.

I couldn't believe what I was reading.

The funniest part was that I had always imagined that I would be the one to confess first.

After all, I was the one who had liked him first.

I was the one who had gathered information about him.

I was the one who had started talking to his best friend just to know more about him.

Yet somehow...

He became the first one to say those magical words.

My heart was racing.

I don't think I had ever smiled that much while looking at my phone.

That night became one of the happiest memories of my life.

From that moment onward, our relationship officially began.

School became my favorite place in the world.

Every morning, I looked forward to seeing him.

Even if we couldn't talk much during school hours, simply seeing him somewhere in the corridor was enough to brighten my entire day.

Sometimes our eyes would meet from opposite ends of the hallway.

Sometimes we would quietly smile at each other while pretending nothing was happening.

Those little moments meant everything to us.

After school, our conversations continued on Instagram.

No matter how busy the day had been, we somehow always found time for each other.

Those conversations became my favorite part of every evening.

My friends, however, couldn't believe what had happened.

When I had first joined the school, I was the quiet new girl who barely knew anyone.

Within such a short time, I had somehow ended up in a relationship.

Whenever I told them about Arsh, they laughed.

They would say,

"You literally just joined this school! How did all this happen so quickly?"

At first, they thought I was joking.

Some of them didn't believe me at all.

But as the days passed, it became impossible to hide.

The way we looked at each other.

The way we smiled whenever we crossed paths.

The way we always noticed each other's presence.

Everything slowly gave us away.

Eventually, my friends accepted that yes...

We were actually together.

Unlike my previous relationships, this one felt genuine.

I loved him deeply.

Not because he was perfect.

Not because he always said the right things.

But because whenever I talked to him, I felt comfortable being myself.

And I truly believed that he loved me just as much.

As we grew closer, we slowly started sharing parts of our past with each other.

I had already experienced relationships that hadn't ended well.

My past wasn't exactly something I was proud of.

But then I realized...

His past wasn't easy either.

Before I continue telling his story, I want to say something.

If he ever reads this book someday...

I'm truly sorry.

I know this is a personal part of your life, and maybe it wasn't my place to share it publicly.

But it became an important part of our journey because it helped me understand the person you were when we met.

So, from the bottom of my heart...

I'm sorry.

Before I came into his life, there had been another girl.

She studied in the same class as him.

He had developed a genuine crush on her.

It wasn't just a small attraction.

He truly liked her with all his heart.

Coincidentally, that girl's cousin was also one of his best friends.

Thinking that this connection might help, he shared his feelings with his best friend and asked if she could help him.

She agreed.

Things slowly started moving forward.

For a while, he believed that maybe his feelings would finally be returned.

He cared about her sincerely.

He trusted her.

He gave her his time, his attention, and most importantly...

His heart.

But unfortunately, not every love story gets the ending people hope for.

In the end, he was betrayed.

The person he cared about the most cheated on him.

That experience broke his trust.

It left emotional scars that weren't easy to heal.

After that heartbreak, he wasn't the same person anymore.

He became more careful.

More protective of his feelings.

More afraid of getting hurt again.

And then...

Life brought us together.

Neither of us knew it at the time, but maybe we were exactly what the other person needed.

I had experienced my own disappointments.

He had experienced his heartbreak.

Two people carrying different wounds somehow found comfort in each other's company.

For the first time in a long time, both of us started believing that maybe love didn't always have to end in pain.

Maybe this time...

Things would finally be different.

Chapter - When Love Turned Into Attachment

As time passed, our relationship grew stronger with every conversation.

At first, we simply liked each other.

Then we started caring for each other.

Before we even realized it, we had become deeply attached.

Our days revolved around each other. Every morning, I looked forward to his messages, and every night, I waited until our conversation was over before I could finally sleep. School became more exciting because I knew I would get to see him, even if it was only for a few moments in the hallway. Those little moments were enough to make my entire day feel special.

For the first time in my life, I wasn't treating a relationship as something temporary.

This time, my feelings were real.

I wasn't pretending.

I wasn't passing time.

I genuinely loved him.

But somewhere around the second or third month of our relationship, something started changing.

At first, it was so small that I ignored it.

Then it slowly became impossible to overlook.

He started talking about breaking up.

Sometimes it happened during completely normal conversations. Out of nowhere, he would mention things like ending the relationship or say that maybe we shouldn't continue together.

At first, I thought he was joking.

Then, one day, he suddenly blocked me.

I was shocked.

I kept staring at my phone, hoping it was some kind of mistake.

I refreshed my messages again and again, but nothing changed.

I couldn't understand what had happened.

Just a day earlier, everything had seemed perfectly fine.

Now, suddenly, I couldn't even contact him.

That hurt me more than I could explain.

The worst part wasn't being blocked.

The worst part was not knowing why.

Questions filled my mind.

Had I done something wrong?

Did I accidentally hurt him?

Was he angry with me?

Had he stopped loving me?

The more I thought about it, the more confused I became.

I wasn't the kind of person who liked misunderstandings.

If something was wrong, I wanted to know.

So whenever I got another chance to talk to him, I kept asking him the same questions.

"Please tell me."

"If I've made a mistake, just tell me."

"If something is bothering you, share it with me."

"We can solve it together."

"I just want to understand."

But no matter how many times I asked, he refused to explain.

He would avoid the topic completely.

Sometimes he changed the subject.

Sometimes he ignored the question.

Sometimes he simply disappeared.

That silence hurt much more than any argument could have.

Even though I was upset, one thing remained clear in my heart.

I trusted him.

I never believed that he would leave me for another girl.

It wasn't blind trust.

It came from the way he treated me and the things he used to say.

I genuinely believed that whatever was happening had nothing to do with someone else.

There had to be another reason.

Still, I couldn't figure it out.

Watching him push me away without any explanation became emotionally exhausting.

I didn't know what else to do.

Eventually, I asked someone older for help.

I requested my elder sister's boyfriend to speak with him and try to understand what was going on.

I hoped that maybe he would open up to someone else if he couldn't open up to me.

To this day, I don't know exactly what they discussed.

I never asked for every detail.

All I know is that after that conversation, something changed.

Gradually, he returned to normal.

He started talking to me again.

The coldness disappeared.

The distance slowly faded.

Our conversations became warm once more, just like they had been before.

After everything settled down, I finally asked him the question that had been living in my heart for weeks.

"Why were you behaving like that?"

"Why were you talking about breaking up?"

"Why did you keep blocking me?"

This time...

He answered.

He admitted that he had been afraid.

Not of me.

Not of our relationship.

He was afraid of becoming too emotionally attached.

He told me that he was scared that one day he would become so attached to me that he would start expecting too much, become possessive, or begin depending on me emotionally.

He thought that if he created distance early, he could protect himself from getting hurt.

As I listened to him, everything suddenly made sense.

He wasn't trying to leave me.

He was trying to protect himself from his own feelings.

Maybe his past heartbreak had left deeper scars than I had realized.

Then he looked at me and said something I still remember.

He promised me that he would never behave like that again.

He told me,

"I love you with all my heart."

"I'm completely attached to you now."

"I won't push you away anymore."

Hearing those words made all my fears disappear.

I believed him.

And honestly...

I didn't have to force myself to believe him.

I already loved him deeply.

By then, he had become an important part of my life.

Talking to him wasn't just a habit anymore.

It felt like a necessity.

Around that time, another challenge entered our relationship.

My parents were extremely strict.

Unlike many of my friends, I didn't have my own phone.

Whenever I wanted to talk to him, I had to use my mother's phone.

Every single conversation felt like a secret mission.

I waited for the right time.

Sometimes I waited until everyone in the house was busy.

Sometimes I waited until my mother left the room.

Sometimes I only got a few minutes before someone noticed.

Every message came with fear.

Every notification made my heart race.

Every conversation felt like taking a huge risk.

But somehow...

I still did it.

Because talking to him had become the happiest part of my day.

Eventually, my mother noticed that I was spending too much time on Instagram.

She became suspicious.

One day she found out that I had been using the app without permission.

She was very angry.

She scolded me for a long time and warned me not to use it again.

For a while, I tried to listen.

But I couldn't stay away.

I missed him too much.

So instead of Instagram, we shifted to WhatsApp.

To make sure no one suspected anything, I saved his contact using one of my friend's names.

I thought it was a clever plan.

For a few days...

It actually worked.

Then one evening, my mother noticed something unusual.

She became suspicious of that contact.

She looked at me and calmly said,

"Call your friend. I want to talk."

The moment she said those words, my heart almost stopped.

I had no choice.

If I refused, she would become even more suspicious.

So with trembling hands, I made the call.

Within seconds...

Everything was exposed.

There was no excuse left.

There was nowhere to hide.

I got caught.

After that incident, my mother completely stopped giving me access to her phone.

It felt as though the only bridge connecting us had suddenly disappeared.

Anyone else might have accepted defeat.

But I couldn't.

I wasn't ready to give up.

So we found another way.

We started talking on Telegram whenever I managed to get access to a device.

Looking back now, I realize how much effort both of us were making just to stay connected.

Every conversation required planning.

Every message involved risk.

Every notification carried fear.

And yet...

Neither of us wanted to stop.

At that age, I couldn't fully explain why I was willing to take so many risks.

All I knew was how I felt.

Whenever I couldn't talk to him, something inside me felt incomplete.

I couldn't concentrate properly.

I didn't feel hungry.

Even sleeping became difficult.

It wasn't because someone had forced me to feel that way.

It simply felt as though a part of my daily life was missing.

The moment I finally received one of his messages, everything changed.

I smiled again.

I felt calm again.

I could finally breathe without constantly checking my phone.

Those few conversations, no matter how short they were, brought me a strange sense of peace.

Today, when I look back at those days, I realize how much we struggled just to stay in touch.

We hid conversations.

We changed apps.

We waited for the right moments.

We told countless small lies to protect one relationship.

At that age, it felt like love was worth every risk.

Whether that was the right decision or not is something only time could answer.

But one thing is certain.

Those moments became unforgettable memories—memories of two teenagers trying their best to stay connected despite every obstacle standing between them.

Chapter- Aashu mma and deepu ppa

It all started so simply. We would meet at school during the lunch break or whenever we had a free period. There was nothing extraordinary about those moments. ,those ordinary moments became the most beautiful part of our lives.

We loved each other deeply. Our relationship wasn't perfect—not even close. Like every relationship, it had its fair share of arguments, misunderstandings, and emotional moments. Looking back, I often ask myself why people who love each other the most end up fighting over the smallest things. Maybe it's because when someone means the world to you, every little thing feels much bigger than it actually is.

One of my biggest flaws was my temper. I would get angry very quickly. The strange thing was that my anger never lasted long. Within a few minutes, I would calm down and become completely normal again. But during those few moments of anger, I lost control over my words. I would say things without thinking, things I didn't actually mean.

Those words hurt him deeply.

Before our relationship became serious, I had already warned him. I told him honestly, "I get angry really fast. If I ever say something hurtful when I'm angry, please don't take it seriously because I don't mean it."

He always nodded and said he understood.

But when those moments actually came, he couldn't ignore my words. He took everything to heart. Every harsh sentence stayed with him much longer than my anger stayed with me. While I forgot those words after calming down, he kept thinking about them, wondering why I had said them in the first place.

That became one of the biggest reasons behind our misunderstandings.

Life wasn't easy for him either. He wasn't only dealing with our relationship. He had his own struggles, responsibilities, and family problems. He cared deeply about his family and always tried to balance everything. Sometimes I think he was stuck between trying to make everyone happy and slowly losing himself in the process.

I knew he was already carrying so much on his shoulders.

That's why I genuinely tried to change myself. I wanted to control my anger because I knew it was hurting him. I promised myself countless times that I wouldn't react so quickly anymore. Every time we fought, I would tell myself that the next time would be different.

But changing yourself isn't as easy as making a promise.

No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't always control my emotions. Sometimes it felt like my anger took over before I even had the chance to think. The moment I calmed down, regret would hit me immediately. I hated the version of myself that appeared during those moments.

The worst part wasn't even our arguments.

It was the way people started judging me.

Some people began calling me "toxic." They said I had too much attitude. They acted as if they knew everything about me just because they had witnessed a few moments of my life. Hearing those words hurt me more than I ever showed.

How could someone judge an entire person without knowing their story?

They never saw how much I cared.

They never saw how much I cried after every argument.

They never saw how guilty I felt every time I accidentally hurt the person I loved the most.

It was easy for them to label me, but none of them knew what was actually going on inside me.

Time kept moving forward.

He was in Class 10, while I was still in Class 9.

Every morning, our school held an assembly before classes started. Most students stood in lines, listening to announcements, but sometimes we had different plans.

Instead of attending the assembly, we would quietly leave and walk to a nearby park. Hardly anyone noticed we were gone, so we could spend those precious moments together without worrying too much.

Those mornings became some of my favorite memories.

The park wasn't anything luxurious. It had a few benches, green trees, and a peaceful atmosphere. But when we were together, it felt like the most beautiful place in the world.

we sat in complete silence because even silence felt comfortable between us.

One morning, while we were sitting there, something happened that I will probably never forget.

That park became the place where we shared our first kiss.

It wasn't planned.

It wasn't dramatic like in movies.

It just happened naturally.

For a few seconds, it felt as though the entire world had stopped.

When I returned to school that day, I couldn't stop smiling. I spent the entire day blushing for absolutely no reason. Every time I remembered that moment, I smiled all over again. My friends probably thought something was wrong with me because I couldn't hide how happy I was.

It was one of the happiest days of my life.

There was something else about us that most people would probably find strange.

He used to call me "Aashu Mma."

And I called him "Deepu Papa."

I know it sounds a little weird or even cringe when someone hears it without knowing the reason.

But there was a meaning behind those names.

I cared for him the way a mother cares for her child. I constantly worried whether he had eaten properly, whether he was taking care of himself, whether he was tired, stressed, or upset. I wanted to protect him from everything that hurt him.

That's why he lovingly called me "Mma."

At the same time, he treated me the way a caring father looks after his family. He made me feel safe. He always wanted to protect me, guide me, and make sure I was okay. Whenever I felt scared or uncertain, he stood beside me.

That's why I called him "Papa."

Those names weren't about being childish.

They were about the kind of comfort, care, and security we found in each other.

People from the outside could never understand that.

To them, it was strange.

To us, it was simply another way of expressing how deeply we cared.

Our journey wasn't perfect.

We argued.

We misunderstood each other.

We hurt each other without intending to.

Sometimes we laughed until we cried.

Other times we cried because we loved each other too much and didn't know how to handle our emotions.

There were moments when everything felt like it was falling apart.

Yet somehow, despite all the fights, all the misunderstandings, and all the chaos, one thing never changed.

We still chose each other.

No matter how difficult things became, there was always love between us.

It wasn't a fairy tale.

It wasn't a perfect relationship.

It was real.

Messy, emotional, complicated, imperfect—but real.

And maybe that's exactly why those memories still live in my heart today.

Chapter - A Joke That Changed Everything

As time passed, our relationship became more complicated. The love between us was still there, but so were the arguments. It felt like we were fighting over something almost every other day. Sometimes the reasons were serious, but most of the time they were so small that we would forget why we had even started arguing.

We both loved each other, but neither of us really knew how to handle our emotions. Every disagreement slowly added another crack to our relationship.

Around that time, one of my elder sisters had just gone through a breakup. She was trying to distract herself, so we spent a lot of time talking and joking together. I wanted to cheer her up, so one day we started teasing each other.

In the middle of our conversation, I jokingly said,

"Come on, find me a new boyfriend."

She immediately laughed and asked, "What about the one you already have?"

Without thinking much, I laughed and replied, "One with one more won't hurt."

We both burst into laughter because we knew it was nothing more than a stupid joke.

She even said, "Don't worry, I'll find someone for you."

Neither of us took the conversation seriously.

The next day, just for fun, I asked her, "So... did you find anyone?"

She smiled and jokingly replied, "Yes."

That was enough for me to realize the joke had gone far enough.

I immediately told her, "No, forget it. I was only kidding. I'm not that kind of girl. I'm completely loyal to him."

And that was the truth.

I had never thought about replacing him.

I never wanted another boy.

I never wanted to cheat on him.

No matter how many arguments we had, I loved only one person.

Unfortunately, I had no idea that someone had taken screenshots of that conversation.

I didn't even know how those screenshots reached him.

Days passed without me knowing anything.

Then one evening, we had another huge fight.

It wasn't different from our usual arguments, except this time something felt strange. He sounded distant. Cold. As if he had already made up his mind before we even started talking.

That evening, he suddenly started talking about ending our relationship.

At first, I thought it was another emotional reaction after an argument. We had reached moments like that before, and somehow we always found our way back.

But this time felt different.

The next day, he sent me the screenshots.

The moment I saw them, my heart sank.

Everything suddenly made sense.

He wasn't seeing them as a harmless joke.

He thought they were proof that I wanted someone else.

Proof that I wasn't loyal.

Proof that I had been looking for another boyfriend behind his back.

I couldn't believe that a few playful messages had become something so serious.

I wanted to explain everything.

I wanted him to understand that those messages didn't reflect my heart.

I wasn't searching for another relationship.

I wasn't planning to leave him.

It had simply been a stupid joke between two sisters.

Nothing more.

But sometimes, when trust is already weak because of constant arguments, even the smallest misunderstanding feels like undeniable proof.

No matter how much I explained, I felt like my words weren't reaching him anymore.

The timing couldn't have been worse.

I was in the hospital.

Instead of focusing on getting better, all I could think about was saving our relationship.

Lying on a hospital bed, surrounded by medicines and doctors, I kept trying to convince him.

I texted him again and again.

"Please believe me."

"My intentions were never like that."

"I was only joking."

"I would never cheat on you."

Every message came from my heart.

But fear had already entered his mind.

And fear is louder than explanations.

I cried more during those days than I had in a long time.

Not because I was sick.

But because the person I loved the most believed something about me that wasn't true.

I felt helpless.

No matter what I said, I couldn't erase the picture those screenshots had created in his mind.

That night, after hours of silence, my phone finally lit up.

It was his message.

He said,

"Fine... one last chance."

Reading those words felt like someone had given me another chance to breathe.

I promised myself that I wouldn't waste it.

I wanted everything to become normal again.

I wanted us to stop hurting each other.

Most importantly, I wanted to become a better version of myself.

I genuinely tried.

Every time I felt myself getting angry, I reminded myself about that promise.

Every argument became a test.

Sometimes I managed to stay calm.

Sometimes I failed.

No matter how hard I tried, something always happened that triggered my temper again.

It wasn't because I wanted to fight.

It was because I still hadn't learned how to control my emotions.

Every time I lost my patience, I blamed myself afterward.

I wondered if I was slowly becoming the reason our relationship was breaking apart.

Despite everything, we were still together.

The love never disappeared.

But the peace did.

It felt like we were trying to fix a beautiful glass that had already started cracking.

One day, he told me that he would be going to Jammu during the holidays.

The place he was visiting had poor network coverage, and he wouldn't be able to use his SIM card properly.

For a moment, I felt a little sad because we wouldn't be able to talk much.

But then another thought crossed my mind.

Maybe this break was exactly what we needed.

Maybe being away from each other for a few days would help us calm down.

Maybe he would finally get some time to relax without all the stress from our arguments.

And maybe...

I would also get some time to work on myself.

I hoped that when he returned, we would leave all our misunderstandings behind and begin again with a fresh start.

I had no idea that sometimes distance doesn't just create space between two people.

Sometimes...

it changes everything.

Chapter : The Silence Between Us

Before he left for Jammu, I told him something that came straight from my heart.

"When you're there, don't spend all your time on your phone. Keep it aside for a while. Take some time for yourself. You've been carrying so much stress lately, and you deserve a break."

But I wasn't saying it only for him.

I needed that break too.

The last few weeks had been exhausting. We had fought almost every day. We had said things to each other that neither of us should have said. His words stayed with me, and so did mine. No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't forget them.

Every time I thought about our arguments, I felt my chest tighten.

I wanted a little space—not because I loved him less, but because I loved him enough to want us to heal instead of hurting each other again and again.

I knew myself well.

If we continued talking every day, he would notice that something was different. He would ask me why I was acting strangely. I wouldn't know how to explain everything that was going on inside my mind, and eventually another argument would begin.

I didn't want that.

I wanted both of us to breathe for a while.

Unfortunately, just one day before he was supposed to leave for Jammu, we fought again.

It felt as though every conversation somehow ended the same way.

Even after reaching Jammu, he kept texting me every single day.

Part of me was happy because it meant he still wanted to talk to me.

But another part of me quietly wished he would give me the little space I had asked for.

He couldn't understand why I needed it.

One day he said,

"If you have time to talk to other people, then you have time to talk to me too."

I understood why he felt that way.

From his perspective, it probably looked like I was avoiding him.

But that wasn't the truth.

Talking to my friends didn't bring back painful memories.

Talking to him did.

Every conversation reminded me of our fights, the breakup, the screenshots, the tears, and the fear of losing him all over again.

I was trying so hard to leave that emotional place behind, but every message pulled me back into it.

I didn't know why he couldn't understand that.

He already had the password to my Instagram account.

If he had doubts about me, he could check everything.

In fact, I was almost certain that he already had.

I had nothing to hide.

Before he left, I had even told him,

"When you come back, we'll sit together and talk properly. We'll fix everything then."

That was my plan.

I wanted to solve things face to face instead of through endless arguments over text.

But life rarely follows our plans.

A few days later, another argument happened.

This time, instead of trying to solve it, he blocked me.

Not just on one account.

He blocked me from every account he had.

One by one, every door closed.

It felt unreal.

One moment he had been the person I talked to every day.

The next moment, I couldn't reach him at all.

Those days became some of the hardest days of my life.

I couldn't sleep properly.

Food lost its taste.

Nothing felt normal anymore.

The people around me kept telling me that I looked emotionally exhausted and that I seemed to be slipping into depression.

I don't know whether they were right, but I knew one thing for sure—

I had never felt so empty before.

What hurt the most was the feeling that he couldn't see how much I was struggling.

Around the same time, another big change was happening.

My school was changing.

I wanted him to know before anyone else.

I wanted him to hear it from me.

So I somehow managed to contact him.

Instead of listening, he spoke to me so coldly that I couldn't recognize the person I had once fallen in love with.

His words hurt.

Eventually, I stopped trying to explain because every conversation only ended with more pain.

He had blocked me on Instagram, but surprisingly, he hadn't blocked me on Snapchat.

That tiny opening gave me hope.

When school reopened, I went back after two days because I wanted to meet my friends one last time before moving to my new school.

More than that...

I wanted to see him.

I requested him over and over again.

"Please come outside. I just want to talk."

After a lot of convincing, he finally came.

When I saw him standing there, every sentence I had prepared disappeared from my mind.

I didn't know what to say.

I didn't know where to begin.

Before I could gather the courage to speak, he turned around and left.

I stood there, watching him walk away.

A little later, I went inside the school building.

As soon as he noticed me, he changed his path to avoid crossing mine.

That hurt more than I can explain.

Still, I followed him.

Trying to start a conversation, I quietly asked,

"So... my transfer certificate is done..That's good, right?"

He simply smiled and answered,

"Yeah."

Just one word.

Nothing else.

At that moment, something inside me broke.

The boy who once couldn't spend a single day without talking to me now barely looked at me.

I walked away pretending that I was okay.

But inside, I felt completely shattered.

Since I was blocked almost everywhere, I decided that at the very least, I should apologize.

There was something that had always bothered him.

The way I spoke during arguments.

Sometimes, in anger, I used abusive words.

I had explained countless times that I struggled to control my temper, but I also knew that it wasn't an excuse.

He had every right to be hurt by those words.

So I wanted to say what I should have said long ago.

"I'm sorry."

Not because I wanted to force him back into my life.

But because he deserved that apology.

I sent him message after message on WhatsApp.

I apologized.

I explained.

I admitted my mistakes.

I asked him to listen just once.

But it felt like he had already made up his mind.

None of my messages changed anything.

He never really listened.

Days passed.

Then one afternoon, one of my friends called me.

She told me that she had seen him spending a lot of time with another girl from his class.

At first, I smiled and said,

"It's okay. They're probably just friends."

I wanted to believe that.

Maybe because believing anything else hurt too much.

A few days later, something happened that made me question everything.

That same girl went up to one of my friends and asked about me.

She wanted to know who I was.

Why?

I had no answer.

Then I heard something else.

Someone told me they had seen him sharing his Frooti with her.

It sounds like such a small thing.

To anyone else, it probably wouldn't matter.

But to me, it meant something.

The little things had always meant the most in our relationship.

Hearing that felt like another piece of my heart had quietly fallen apart.

Still, I gathered the courage to message him again.

His reply was short.

"Our relationship is over."

Then he added that the girl had probably only asked about me because she might have been jealous.

His words confused me even more.

I didn't know what to believe anymore.

Soon after that, he blocked me on WhatsApp too.

Now there was no way left to reach him.

I was desperate for closure.

One day, I asked another girl if she could speak to him on my behalf.

She tried.

She explained everything.

She requested him to at least have one conversation with me.

But even then, nothing changed.

He refused.

For the first time, I realized that no matter how much you love someone, you cannot force them to stay.

Then one day, while scrolling through social media, I noticed something that made my heart stop.

He and that girl had matching profile pictures.

Maybe it meant nothing.

Maybe it meant everything.

I didn't know.

All I knew was that seeing those matching pictures felt like the final confirmation that he had moved on.

I sat there staring at my phone as tears filled my eyes.

The memories of our school days, our secret meetings during breaks, our first kiss in the park, the promises we had made, the dreams we had shared—they all came rushing back at once.

I cried until I couldn't cry anymore.

For a long time, I had believed that if I explained myself one last time, everything would be okay again.

But that day, I finally understood something painful.

Sometimes love isn't enough to bring two people back together.

Sometimes people walk away, carrying pieces of your heart with them.

And all you can do is stand where they left you, trying to figure out how to keep moving forward.

A Letter to You

If you're reading this book, then this part is for you.

Maybe you've read every chapter.

Maybe you've relived every memory with me.

Or maybe this is the first time you've truly understood what was going on inside my heart.

Before I say anything else, I want to say the one thing I've wanted to say for a very long time.

I'm sorry.

I'm sorry for every time my anger hurt you.

I'm sorry for every harsh word I spoke without thinking.

I'm sorry for every moment that made you question my love.

None of those moments ever meant that I loved you less.

I know that saying "I was angry" doesn't erase the pain I caused, and I'm not using it as an excuse.

I take responsibility for my mistakes.

If I could go back and change those moments, I would.

Not because I regret loving you...

But because I regret hurting the person I loved the most.

Do you remember what you used to tell me?

You once said,

"Even if one day you show me your worst side, I'll still love you."

I believed those words with my whole heart.

Whenever I lost control of my emotions, I reminded myself of that promise.

I thought we would fight, understand each other, grow together, and eventually become stronger.

But somewhere along the way...

everything changed.

Today I keep asking myself...

What happened?

What changed so much that the person who promised never to leave became the same person who walked away without looking back?

I know I made mistakes.

I know I wasn't perfect.

But haven't I been trying?

Haven't I been telling you over and over again that I want to become a better person?

I told you that I wanted to control my anger.

I told you that I wanted to improve myself.

I asked you for one chance to prove it.

All I wanted was your trust.

Just one chance.

Maybe you think people can't change.

Maybe you think I would always remain the same.

But I truly wanted to become someone who would never make you cry again.

Sometimes I wonder if you've ever stopped and asked yourself the same question.

The decisions you've made...

The way things ended...

The silence...

The blocking...

Walking away...

Do you think all of that was right?

Maybe you do.

Maybe you don't.

Only you know the answer.

People tell me,

"You'll find someone else."

Maybe they're right.

Maybe one day another person will come into my life.

But that's not what my heart wants.

Finding someone has never been difficult.

If I wanted another relationship, maybe I could have one tomorrow.

But I don't want one.

Not because nobody else exists.

But because my heart was never searching for someone else.

Before all of this happened, I had already made a promise to myself.

You would be my last relationship.

Not because life guarantees forever...

But because I wanted forever to be with you.

Even today, I don't want to move on.

People say moving on is necessary.

Maybe for them it is.

For me...

It never felt that simple.

How can I give my heart to someone else when a part of it still belongs to you?

That wouldn't be fair to them.

They deserve someone whose heart is completely available.

Mine isn't.

Not yet.

Maybe one day it will heal.

Maybe it won't.

I honestly don't know.

All I know is that I don't want another person to suffer because I couldn't let go of my past.

If you've reached this page, then I only want you to think about one thing.

Just look at everything that happened.

Look at the girl who kept trying to talk to you.

The girl who apologized again and again.

The girl who kept explaining herself even when nobody was listening.

The girl who waited.

The girl who cried.

The girl who never stopped believing that maybe one conversation could fix everything.

Do you really think someone does all of that without loving with their whole heart?

Maybe I loved you the wrong way sometimes.

Maybe I expressed my emotions badly.

Maybe I hurt you while trying to hold on to you.

But I never stopped loving you.

Not for a single day.

If loving you was my greatest happiness...

Losing you became my greatest pain.

I'm not writing this letter to force you to come back.

Love should never be forced.

I'm writing this because I never wanted my silence to become the last thing you remembered about me.

If one day our paths cross again, I hope you'll remember me not only for my mistakes but also for the countless times I cared for you, prayed for you, waited for you, and loved you with everything I had.

And if life never brings us together again...

Then thank you.

Thank you for every laugh.

Every school memory.

Every stolen moment.

Every hug.

Every smile.

Every dream we built together.

You were the most beautiful chapter of my life.

Even if you never become the last one.

And if, by any chance, there's still a small part of your heart that remembers us...

Then I only have one last thing to say.

Please come back.

Not because I need someone to complete me.

But because I still believe that two imperfect people who truly love each other can grow, forgive, and become better together.

I'll keep working on myself, whether you return or not.

I'll become a better version of myself—not just for love, but for my own future too.

But if someday you decide to give us another chance...

I promise I won't waste it.

No matter what happens, a part of my heart will always be grateful that, for a little while, I got to love you.

And that...

will always be enough for me to remember you with love.

***I'm waiting for you my deepu ppa and I will wait for you as long as I'm alive***

***Until My Last Breath....***

***I won't chase the passing years,***

***I won't silence all my tears.***

***Some hearts leave, some hearts stay,***

***Mine still chooses you each day.***

***Not because I can't move on,***

***But because my love lives on.***

***If you return, you'll find me true—***

***A better heart still waiting for you.***

***And if fate says we must part,***

***You'll still live inside my heart.***

***Till my final breath is through,***

***I'll be quietly waiting for you.***

***-A.kaur..***